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BALLYMOON CASTLE.

Ballymoon Castle, situated in the parish of Dunleckney, barony of Edrone East, and county of Carlow, is supposed to have been built about the year 1096. The ruins are very spacious. They form a square, measuring about one hundred and twenty feet on each side. It was formerly surrounded by a moat, now almost filled up. The interior has totally fallen into ruins—some traces of cross-walls remaining here and there, and the bases of a few pillars, scarcely distinguishable. There are two square towers—in the south, one, and in the north, another. The windows, mere loop holes, are in good preservation, about five feet in height, four inches broad, and of a cruciform at top. The entrance is on the west, by a cut-stone arched gateway, the upper part of which has fallen from its place. The main walls, which are about 31 feet in height, are not less than eight feet thick, and are covered with earth and grass. The centre appears to have been at all times an open, uncovered area. The architecture is of great strength and durability. To the right, on entering, is a pointed arch; inside which, and in the main wall, are some stone steps leading to a loop-hole. From this circumstance, some idea may be formed of the extraordinary solidity of the structure.

Cromwell, amongst other similar depredations, is said to have battered it down; although, from its low situation, and the heights surrounding, it could never have been very formidable to an invading enemy. Some curious specimens of armour, &c., and a beautiful set of diamond beads was found some years back, in digging amongst the ruins.

In an historical tale, written, as is supposed, by Ossian, about the year 296, is the following passage: "But the intrepid hero, Conon, was not at this bloody battle; for, going to the adoration of the sun the preceding May, he was cut off by the Leinster troops, though he but a single knight of Connaught; and his body lies interred on the north-west side of the dreary mountain of Callan, and over a flag is his name inscribed in the Ogham."—The Ogham was a character sacred to the Druids, the alphabet of which is still preserved. The tomb of Conon was discovered in 1785, by the Right Honorable W. B. Conyngham, in company with Mr. O'Flanagan, who was sent from Dublin for that purpose, by the Royal Irish Academy. The tomb is placed on a kind of tumulus, and lies on an eminence above a small lake. This stone has long been celebrated in the county of Clare: it is of granite; and the inscription is interpreted—"Beneath this flag is interred Conon the turbulent and swift-footed." Callan mountain is in Irish, "Altoir na Goiene," or altar of the sun. The Irish names of places have always some reference to locality or historical facts; changing their names is therefore injudicious, as it destroys the records of the past.

Saint Piers founded a church and blessed a well at Llanberis in North Wales. The well now bears his name, and miraculous qualities were attributed to it. But the most singular circumstance connected with its history in later times, is, that here a large trout has continued for upwards of twenty years, and become so familiar, that it will take a worm from the hand of a poor woman, who seems to have adopted that privilege as her own.

ON RINGS.

According to the accounts of the heathen mythology, Prometheus, having been delivered from the chains by which he was fastened to Mount Caucasus for stealing fire from heaven, in memory or acknowledgment of the favour he had received from Jupiter, made himself one of those chains a ring, in whose collet he represented the figure of the rock where he had been detained; or, as Pliny relates, set in it a bit of the same rock, and placed it on his finger. But we otherwise learn that the use of rings is very ancient, and that the Egyptians were the first inventors of them, and had in them the figures of their gods,

or other hieroglyphics. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, wore a ring, reputed inestimable on account of its agate, which naturally represented an Apollo holding his lyre, and seated in the midst of the Muses. This king having been conquered by the Romans, they kept his ring in the temple of Concord, as the most precious article they had belonging to him. It was thought that this ring was a talisman. Polycrates, king of the isle of Samos, possessed a ring with an invaluable emerald set in it. This king having been during his whole life favoured by fortune, was willing to make a visible trial of it, by throwing his ring into the sea; but by a very surprising incident, he found the ring in the stomach of a large fish that was the next day served at his table. This ring was also reputed a talisman, and was reposit at Rome in the royal treasure in the temple of Concord, with that of Pyrrhus. The Roman knights were distinguished from the senators by their gold rings. In the time of the war between Carthage and Rome, Hannibal, as a token of the signal victory he had gained over the Roman army at Cannæ, sent to Carthage three bushels of rings, taken from the fingers of the nobles and Roman knights, who were slain on the field of battle. Though the first inhabitants of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and the ancient Gauls, were accustomed to wear their rings on the middle finger, use at last prevailed among all nations, to place them on the finger next to the little one of the left hand, which thence has the name of an omelon, or ring finger; because, as Macrobius in his Saturnalia, Apion in his Egyptians, and after him Gellino, say, that there is a small nerve, according to the opinion of the Egyptians, which proceeds from the heart to this finger. Thumb rings were formerly worn, and portraits of Anne Bullen, and of the great O'Neal, earl of Tyrone, are represented with them.

THE CHOUGH AND CUCKOO.

ADDRESSED TO MODERN TRAVELLERS.

A cuckoo once, as cuckoos use,
Went out upon a winter's cruise,
Return'd with the returning spring—
The birds about him form'd a ring,
As fluttering from his foreign flight,
They saw him formally alight,
With pride elate, with travel stiff,
Upon the top of Dover cliff.
They bid him welcome 'cross the main,
T' old England safe return'd again;
When, eying scornfully the strand,
"Old England! yes, the land's a land!
But believe me, gentlemen," says he,
"We passage fowl that cross the sea,
Have vast advantage over you,
That keep your native shores in view.
The season passed I took a jaunt
Among the isles of the Levant.
Then 'twas my chance some weeks to be
In that choice garden, Italy;
But, underneath the sky's expanse,
No climate like the south of France!
You've often heard, I dare to swear,
How plenty ortolons are there;
'Tis true; and more delicious meat,
Upon my word, I never eat:
Their eggs are good—it was ill luck,
The day I had not ten to suck.
Yet, notwithstanding, to my godt,
The bird's the sweeter of the two."
Thus prating, malapert and loud,
A dry old chough, among the crowd,
Stopp'd short his insolent career
With, "What a chattering pie is here?
You travell'd, Sir; I speak to you
Who've pass'd so many countries through;
Say, to what purpose is't you roam,
And what improvements bring you home?
Has Italy, on which you doat,
Changed your monotony of note?

Or France, that boasts so fair a sky,
Taught you less clumsily to fly?
I cannot find that both together
Have alter'd you a single feather:
Then tell us not of where you've been,
Of what you've done, or what you've seen?
For you, and all your rambling pack,
Go cuckoos out—come cuckoos back."

ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTES.

At the close of an election at Lewes, the Duke of Newcastle was so pleased with the conduct of a casting voter, that he said, "My dear friend, I love you dearly: you're the greatest man in the world! I long to serve you! What can I do for you?" "May it please your Grace, an exciseman of this town is very old. I wish to succeed him as soon as he shall die." "Aye, that you shall with all my heart. As soon as he is dead, set out to me, my dear friend: be it night or day, insist upon seeing me, sleeping or waking. If I am not at Claremont, come to Lincoln's-inn-fields; if I am not at Lincoln's-inn-fields, come to court; if I am not at court, never rest till you find me; nay, I'll give orders for you to be admitted, though the king and I were talking secrets together in the cabinet." The voter swallowed everything with ecstasy. The exciseman died the following winter. As soon as the Duke's friend was apprised of it, he set off for London, and reached Lincoln's-inn-fields about two o'clock in the morning. The king of Spain had, about this time, been seized by a disorder, which some of the English had been induced to believe, from particular expresses, he could not possibly survive. Amongst these the Duke of Newcastle was the most credulous. On the very first moment of receiving this intelligence, he had sent couriers to Madrid, who were commanded to return with the utmost haste, as soon as the death of his Catholic Majesty should have been announced. Ignorant of the hour in which they might arrive, the Duke gave the strictest orders to send any person to his chamber who should desire admittance after he had retired to rest. When the voter asked if he was at home, the porter answered, yes; his Grace has been in bed some time, but we were directed to awaken him as soon as you came. "Ah! heaven bless him! I know that the Duke always told me that I should be welcome by night or by day. Pray show me up." The happy visiter was scarcely conducted to the door, when he rushed into the Duke's bed-chamber and, transported with joy, cried out, "My lord, he's dead."

"That's well, my dear friend; I am glad of it with all my soul. When did he die?"

"The morning before last, and please your Grace."

"What! so lately? Why, my worthy good creature, you must have flown—the lightning itself could not travel half so fast as you. Tell me, you best of men, how I shall reward you?"

"I beg that your Grace would please to remember your kind promise, and appoint me to succeed him."

"You, you blockhead! you, king of Spain! What family pretensions can you have? Let's look at you?"

The astonished Duke drew back the curtain, and recollected the face of his electioneering friend; but it was seen with rage and disappointment; the voter was at first dismissed with all the violence of anger and refusal. At length, the victim of the Duke's passion became an object of his mirth, and, when he felt the ridicule that marked the incident, he made the voter an exciseman.

Sir Francis Blake Delaval represented the borough of Andover, in the British parliament in 1771, and, it is related, he obtained his election by a very singular manoeuvre. He got a culverin, and, at the time of polling, he discharged five hundred guineas, which, flying among the voters, soon determined their choice. This might literally be called bombarding the town, and taking it by surprise. Such a *coup de main* would succeed at most elections.

NAPOLEON AND THE TYROLESE.

During the campaign of 1809, Napoleon arrived at Briinn, in Moravia. He had to pass the Old Gate: a steep ascent leads to this gate, contiguous to which stand several houses. One of these houses was occupied by a mechanic, as a dwelling and workshop. Among his journeymen there was a native of Tyrol, an industrious and worthy fellow, but, like all his countrymen, a furious enemy to Napoleon and the French. On the morning that the Emperor rode the Spielbergh, the Tyrolese was missing. His comrades were just talking of him, when the apprentice entered the shop, and mentioned that he had seen the Tyrolese at the window of the loft. This awakened curiosity, and the master went up to the loft to look after the man. There he found him kneeling at the window, with a gun ready cocked lying before him, and his eyes fixed on the road by which Napoleon must necessarily pass. As the house stood on the declivity of the hill, consequently lower than the gate, the Emperor on horseback, at the moment when he came up to the gate, would have been nearly on a line with the window where his humble foe had posted himself; and the distance would have been so small, that scarcely any marksman, and least of all a Tyrolese, could have missed his aim. A few minutes after the master had disarmed his workman, Napoleon passed the gate, and rode down the hill.

THE COMMON FOWL AND PHEASANT.

In the autumn of 1826, a wanderer of the pheasant tribe made his appearance in a small valley of the Grampians, the first of his family who had ventured so far north in that particular district. For some time he was only occasionally observed and the actual presence of this *rara avis* was disputed by many; wintery wants, however, brought him more frequently into notice; and in due season, proofs still more unequivocal became rife. When the chicken broods came forth, and began to assume a shape and form, no small admiration was excited by certain stately, long-tailed, game-looking birds, standing forth amongst them, and continued to grow in size and beauty, until all doubts of the stranger's interference with the rights of *chantecler* effectually vanished. These hybrids partake largely of the pheasant character; and as they are of a goodly size and hardy constitution, a useful and agreeable variety for our poultry yards may be secured in a very simple and economical manner.—A. F.—*Quart. Journ. Agric.*

RECREATIONS IN MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

The following are answers to the two queries proposed in our last Number.

1. He must first carry over the goat, and then return for the wolf; when he carries over the wolf, he must take back with him the goat, and leave it, in order to carry over the cabbage; he may then return, and carry over the goat. By these means, the wolf will never be left with the goat, nor the goat with the cabbage, but when the boatman is present.

2. The solution of this problem is contained in the two following Latin distichs:

It duplex mulier, redit una, vehitque manentem,

Itque una; ntuntur tunc duo puppe viri.

Par vadit et redeunt bini, mulierque sororem

Advehit; ad propriam fine maritus abit.

That is: "two women cross first, and one of them, rowing back the boat, carries over the third woman. One of the three women then returns with the boat, and remaining, suffers the two men, whose wives have crossed, to go over in the boat. One of the men then carries back his wife, and leaving her on the bank, rows over the third man. In the last place, the woman who had crossed enters the boat, and returning twice, carries over the other two women."

This question is proposed also under the title of the three masters and the three valets. The masters agree very well, and the valets also; but none of the masters can endure the valets of the other two; so that if any one of them were left with any of the other two valets, in the absence of his master, he would infallibly cane him.